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THE NATION'S CITY.
"That The Washington Herald will
stand for the best interests of Wash-
ington needs not the saying. It will
ever keep in mind, however, that
this is a national city—the nation's
city—and that its present greatness
and future pre-eminence have as a
basis its national character."—From
editorial foreword in the first issue of
this paper, October 5, 1906.

Mythological Democracy.
Once upon a time, when there was a
Democratic party, there lived an eminent
statesman named William L. Wilson.
Tradition says that he was a Democrat,
whatever that may mean, and a kindly
legend has it that he was, in addition, a
man of principle, of character, and of
unimpeachable honesty. There came
down to us amusing, almost incredible,
tales of his trying to frame a tariff bill
in accordance with Democratic princi-
ples, and of his successes and failures
in that impossible attempt. He it was
who, in a fine burst of enthusiasm, wrote
these lines upon a certain tariff bill:

"We have believed that the first step toward a
reform of the tariff should be a release of taxes
on the materials of industry. There can be no
substantial and beneficial reduction upon the nec-
essary clothing and other comforts of the American
people nor any substantial and beneficial enlarge-
ment of the field of American labor as long as we
tax the materials and processes of production. Every
tax upon the producer falls with increased force
on the consumer. Every tax on the producer in
this country is a protection to his competitor in
all other countries, and so narrows his market as
to limit the number and lessen the wages of those
to whom he can give employment. Every cheapen-
ing in the cost of enlargement in the supply of his
raw materials, while yet early tending to the benefit
of the manufacturer himself, passes under true com-
petition immediately and passes entirely to the
consumer, who soon gets even more benefit out of
it than such reductions seem to carry, because, with the rapid widening of his market, the
manufacturer is able to sell at a smaller profit.
It is, therefore, a very narrow and short-sighted
view which supposes that we release the duties on
iron ore, and coal, and wool, and other like articles
solely for the benefit of those who manufacture our
iron, steel, woolen, and other fabrics."

Long since has this worthy man gone
to his fathers. His honored name has
become a faint memory, his words sound
mythical and fabulous. Modern investi-
gators account his Democracy spurious,
his beliefs too antiquated for acceptance,
and his principles ill founded. Fit for
babes the tales of his deeds; parables for
the nursery, but not meat for strong
men. A wicked and protectionist gen-
eration knows him not.

Eighteen Democrats voting for a tariff
on iron ore, and something in the way
of ironical Democracy, so to speak.

Artificially Maintained Prices.
Some of the Brazilian provinces, notably
Sao Paulo, have been trying for the past
two years or more to control the price
and production of coffee, with a view to
better returns to the coffee planters. The
project has not been wholly successful,
for the simple reason that it contravened
all known economic law. The state of
Sao Paulo sought to control the market
by buying up a certain proportion of the
product, with the inevitable result of
increasing production consequent upon
the increase of price. After expending
some \$8,000,000 in the purchase of coffee,
the state has acquired an immense sup-
ply, to carry which it has been com-
pelled to resort to fresh loans, the cost
of which is borne by an export tax.
The purchase of coffee having failed to
regulate the market, as was desired, it
is now proposed to burn the surplus
product, thus enhancing the value of the
remainder, which is held as collateral for
loans, and reducing the problem of mar-
keting the visible supply. It is a propo-
sal worthy the London fish market,
where an inconvenient supply used to be
tossed overboard, or of that American
labor leader who once urged the smash-
ing of empty bottles to give the bottle-
makers more work. If waste makes
wealth, then the destruction of coffee to
put up the price is an eminently correct
proceeding.

The Brazilians, however, are not alone
in attempting to get rich by putting up
prices and cornering markets. This way
of manipulating the production and dis-
tribution of commodities is symptomatic
of a practice that is becoming all too
general. High prices and artificial scar-
city is the aim of far too much modern
industrial and financial effort. Our pro-
tectionist tariff exists for the purpose of
keeping up prices. Trusts tend to the
same end. Combinations of all sorts are
formed to prevent any competition that
will reduce the cost to the consumer.
Thus it is that in a country abounding
with natural wealth, where the cost of
making things of everyday use is lower
than anywhere else in the world, where
inventive genius has extraordinary range
and active encouragement, the price of
the necessities of life tends to go higher.
The effort of our marvelous industrial
system appears to be directed, not toward
the service of the public at the lowest
rate, but at the highest that the traffic
will bear. Let the ordinary citizen glance
over the list of common articles of con-
sumption—sugar, coffee, flour, beef, coal,
lumber, clothing—and ask himself how

many of these things are produced under
a free competitive industrial regime that
insures him the best value at the lowest
cost, as would be the case in the orthodox
economic order. There is not one of them
in which the price to the ultimate con-
sumer does not contain some element of
monopoly, or at least of artificially en-
hanced value.

Respecting rates charged by public
service corporations, the principle has
gradually found its way into legislation
that such rates may be subjected to
public regulation. How long will it be
before a similar principle is asserted as
to prices fixed on the necessities of life
by great corporations controlling virtually
the entire production? And when the
question comes up, how will it be met by
those who have adopted the theory that
a manufacturer's profits should be guar-
anteed and his scale of prices be main-
tained by a protective tariff?

There may be more Tarzans in the
United States Senate than e'er were
dreamed of in Mr. Elihu Root's philo-
sophy, moreover.

Spring Flower Festival—Yes!
A flower festival in Washington! To
be sure. A capital idea! Let us have
it, by all means, and, once we have
made a beautiful success of it, as we
shall do, of course, let us hold such a
flower festival every spring.

It appeals to us strongly; it is an idea
that grows upon us every minute, and
we feel grateful all through to our poetic
friend, Philander Chase Johnson—be
of the Shooting Stars and soul attuned to
nature—for broaching the admirable
thought.

Washington is aglow to-day. Never
was the City Beautiful more beautiful.
Fragrance is in the air. We hear the
birds and see the squirrels, and are
charmed by the springtime loveliness un-
folded on every side. The foliage-covered
streets, the grass-laden parks and tri-
angles, the panoramic visions of the
White Lot, the ellipse, the speedway, and
crowning hills beyond, with the Potomac
adding to the picture, and the great
white Monument a towering sentinel over
all—these are a few of the things, not
to mention Rock Creek Park, that fill
us with delight these proud and glad-
some days.

A feast of flowers! Again we say: Of
course! We shall have it, and we shall
revel in it. There is none to say us nay.
Lay out the plans, then. Carry them to
an entrancing consummation. The time
is ripe; the day at hand. Let us fill our
selves with sweetness and light for once
as we depart for seashore and moun-
tain, there to pass the summer away
dreaming of the glories left behind us.
Hail, Chloris!

The Senate made fine progress with
the tariff bill Saturday. Saturday carried
a somewhat strenuous hint of the good old
summer time.

Something Wrong in Maryland.
If it be true that Senator Rayner is to
be called on to put up something like
\$17,000 of his share of the expenses of a
Senatorial primary in Maryland in which
he is to have no opposition for re-election
to the high office he now holds, there is
something radically wrong somewhere
that needs righting.

If the ability to put up \$17,000 as a con-
dition precedent to participation in an
election as a candidate before the people
be accepted as just and equitable, then
the field for the selection of Senatorial
timber is at once sharply defined and
rather definitely circumscribed. And it
embraces only men of wealth or, at least,
of financial resourcefulness sufficiently
ample to insure the easy command of a
large sum of money with which to fur-
ther an ambition probably now altogether
too alluring to very rich citizens.

The possession of great wealth is by
no means necessarily a bar to Sena-
torial preferment, nor is it indisputably
desirable that all our Senators be poor
men first and Senators second. There is
no objection to a Senator being abun-
dantly blessed with this world's goods, nor is
it a matter of vital importance that he
must depend on his salary alone for his
creature comforts; but neither his wealth
nor his poverty should operate within it-
self either to the progress of his honest
purposes or the retarding of the same.

If Senator Rayner, or any other Sena-
tor, is called on to pay considerably
more than one-third of the salary for
his entire Senatorial term to come (pro-
vided he live it out) before he may even
become a candidate without opposition, it
stands to reason that men of large intel-
lect but small purses will hesitate gen-
erally before entering the lists for prefer-
ment among Senatorial lions.

The primary system of choosing Sena-
tors is on trial before the people. It may
have its advantages over the old way,
and it may be the very thing we need
in our political business. But surely here
is a condition in Maryland that should
not be permitted to stand; and if it is,
it will be productive of much future trouble,
we suspect.

Maryland owes it to herself to return
Senator Rayner to the seat he has filled
so ably, and without any such tax upon
him as is proposed.

Senator Beveridge has given the Sen-
ate a few bits of tobacco trust infor-
mation that it ought to put in its pipe and
smoke.

Education of the American Voter.
The Minister for the United States, Dr.
Maurice Francis Egan, has written a
very interesting article, called "An an-
swer to a question," for the Tilsaer
of Copenhagen. The question which was
asked the Minister by the editor of Tilsaer
was, "How does the American vot-
er get his education?" On this educa-
tion Dr. Egan found his belief in the
future of the United States. The an-
swer of the Minister given the Danish
readers shows that so many other na-
tions judge America and the American
people entirely from the very wrong
point of view.

There are many valuable details, and
the allusions are suggestive of great cul-
ture and experience. It shows us this
popular diplomatist as an elegant stylist
and as a man who understands that the
first duty of a diplomatist is to make his
country understood.

A Georgia editor announces that black-
berry pie in his home will run more to
blackberries and less to crust than ever

before the coming summer, because of
the increased cost of flour. Of course, if
all of us could beat the game in that
fashion, life would be one grand, sweet
song, and the tariff could go hang.

Dr. Mary Walker has indured the
sheath gown. Let us hope, however, the
sheath gown brigade will not look with
favor on the doctor's customary apparel.

"Kick at all times and about every-
thing, and you will become known in
time as a high authority and a great
critic," says the Atchison Globe. A whole
lot of people have succeeded in becom-
ing perfect nuisances by proceeding on
that theory.

"An announcement: Senator Payne, of
New York, will speak for the tariff bill
on —, the — day of —, nineteen
hundred and —," says the Columbia
State. The — is to be filled in after the
Senator's election, presumably.

"The rains may fall on me, but not on
thee, sweetheart," sings a soulful Al-
abama bard. Poor fellow; he does not
know enough to get in out of the rain.

A man has patented a telegraph instru-
ment capable of transmitting 40,000 words
an hour. This is calculated to make
Mr. Roosevelt bitterly regret passing up
the opportunity of a third time.

The Democratic party "never, never,
never splits the wood," says Bert Les-
ton Taylor, in the New York Sun. Well,
it certainly does not saw wood to any
apparent good purpose, either.

Eighteen Senate Democrats for pro-
tection from iron! What is Democracy?
"The ghost of a dead and gone boquet."

A Philadelphia man bet he could drink
two quarts of whisky within two hours.
He did; but he is dead. A Chicago girl
bet she could walk one hour without
stopping. She did; but she is dead. These
things save the fool-killer trouble, how-
ever.

Whenever prominent Republican leaders
begin to ask such questions as "When and
where did we ever promise to revise the
tariff downward?" it is not worth the
trouble looking up the information at the
moment.

A Connecticut automobilist complains
that skating on the streets is a
menace to motoring. Call yourselves off
the streets, kiddoes. How dare you
get in the automobile's way? You might
get run over, and mess it up in the very
worst sort of fashion!

Baby, baby, there's a fly; let us swat him,
you and I. That beats watching him by
far—with his cute bacteria.

Senator Bristow complains that Sena-
tors reply to his questions without an-
swering them. Evidently enough that
Kansas man notices things.

The statement that "Jack Johnson is in
the pink of condition" suggests the idea
that he must have faded considerably of
late.

"One nice thing about the white rhi-
noceros is that he does not blow his own
horn," says the Ohio State Journal. Pre-
cious little good it would do him now-
adays if he did. It could not be heard
above Bwana Tumbo's, anyway.

Texas has a new law, which says per-
sons intending to get married must give
ten days' public notice of the fact. This
gives the nonresident a chance to get
across the State before one of those red-
headed widows grabs him.

Down in Charleston, W. Va., the "wets"
are still trying to figure out that hocus-
pocus-keno-presto business, but cannot.

A Montgomery, Ala., man has been ar-
rested for robbing a gas meter of \$2.
While, of course, we are not in favor of
robbery, we confess we are not sorry to
know that somebody has managed to
get back at the gas meter in a measure,
at last.

"We see T. R. did this and T. R. did
that. What does T. R. stand for?"
Inquires a contemporary. Oh, pretty
much everything except natural fakery,
undesirable citizens, Gov. Haskell, and
a few things of that persuasion.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.
BE ADAPTABLE.
His wifey can't broil a steak,
I'm much afraid;
Nor even the sort of biscuit bake
His mother made.
But why should he, I ask, repine?
Her taffy-twist is simply fine.

When wifey's biscuit always burn,
It's up to hub
To act the man and gladly turn
To our grub.
Don't yell for steak or nurse a grudge;
Just cultivate a taste for fudge.

Bound to Live.
"Will his wife live?"
"It can't die. That man has originated
some of the catchiest advertising phrases
now in use."

Sometimes the Case.
"I don't get enough out of life," de-
clared the impatient youth.
"Maybe you don't put much into your
life, son," suggested the wise old codger.

A Prosolic Play.
"All the world's a stage."
"Seems to me, though, the drama runs
too much to realism. Very few castles,
palaces, and the like, but plenty of saw-
mills and boiler factories."

Refreshed.
No jokes are new; it doth befall.
We but revamp
Or change the stamp,
And that is all.

Students of Language.
"What has become of the old-fashioned
girl who understood the postage stamp
flirtation and the language of flowers?"
"She has been superseded by the new-
fashioned girl who is thoroughly up on
baseball lingo."

Get in Line.
"Shakespeare seems to be on the shelf."
"That's because the managers won't
put in the usual improvements. Why
don't they try Hamlet, for instance, with
four Hamlets and a dozen Ophelias to
make up a double sextet?"

The Test.
"The ancients had some superb, mas-
terful men: Hannibal, Alexander, An-
tony, Caesar."
"Yes, but 'em ever had to try to
run a furnace."

THE HAINS PREDICTION.
Thornton's Boast About "Unwritten
Law" Proven Premature.
From the Milwaukee Free Press.
When Thornton J. Hains was acquitted
some months ago he made this shameless
and insulting proclamation:

"The jury, by returning a verdict ac-
quitting me of original responsibility for
the death of Annie, has placed the 'un-
written law' high above the written law
of the State of New York. Clearly, the
jury vindicated the righteousness of the
'unwritten law' by finding me not guilty
as charged. That must be obvious to
every mind that has followed the trend
of testimony and grasped the significance
of the verdict in correlation with a
judge's charge. Clearly, also, if I am
guiltless, my brother is guiltless. Should
he be tried, there is not any doubt
that he will be acquitted."

That disgusting boast has now been
reduced to blatant nothingness by the
verdict of the jury that sat in judgment
on the brother.

"Managing in the first degree" will
not appeal to many as being commensu-
rate with the cruel, cowardly, and das-
tardly homicide of which Peter Hains
was guilty, but it is sufficient at least to
put a quietus on the proclamations of the
'unwritten law,' and close the brag-
mouth of a dangerous individual.

That doctrine must be fought, and
fought desperately, by all good citizens,
all the more when certain publications,
like the "Rocking rackets," tend to
foster its dissemination.

JUDICIAL CONFLICTS.
A State of Affairs that Calls for
Reformation.
From the Kansas City Star.
The incidents which have arisen in Mis-
souri over the attempted regulation of
the railways might well be made the oc-
casion for instituting reforms of ju-
dicial processes which President Taft
has advocated. In the course of his
campaign for the Presidency, Mr. Taft
stated that the readjustment of legal ad-
ministration was the most important prob-
lem before the American people. This took
in a broader horizon than the relation
of State and Federal courts; but it in-
cluded that important question: In-
cluded, also, reforms in Federal practice.
It is believed that by a commission
of jurists some reasonably definite bounds
to the jurisdiction of the State and the
Federal courts should be laid down and
enacted into law the people would accord
their views to the law as so declared.
There would always be more or less fric-
tion between the extreme "State rights"
citizens and the extreme "nationalists."
But that is unimportant. The cause of
inability to public constitution now is that
only one Federal judge of a minor au-
thority may block the entire machinery
of a State. Another judge of the same
authority might believe and hold that the
jurists' views to the law as so declared.
This makes wholly uncertain and the most
important of the political elements of the
government. It goes against the grain
that the accident of how a subordinate
judge happens to look at things can op-
erate to effect either one result or an-
other.

The American people are temperamen-
tally lazy about their government. They
are to put off a big job. The practical
result of this is that the government is
an illustration. But they ought now
to take hold of this court question and
settle it right. We are so fond of re-
garding the judicial administration of the
country as the ark of the Covenant that
it is time to make it worthy of sanctity.

Mr. Root's Opportunity.
From the New York World.
What greater service could Elihu Root
render to himself, to his party, and to
the country than to make the American
consumer his client in this contest against
greed and privilege when is now going
on in the United States Senate?
What course could Mr. Root pursue
which would more completely obliterate
his record as a corporation lawyer and
give to him that national prestige and
popularity which rightfully belong to
such remarkable intellectual resources as
he possesses?

The Senator from New York has al-
ready made very effective inquiries as to
the conduct of the window-glass sched-
ules. Why stop there? Why should he
not turn the light upon every schedule
that can directly or indirectly affect the
cost of living, and demand reasons in
every case that will both satisfy him and
satisfy the people?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
Red roses old Pagan slept a thousand years,
To wake to-day, and strive to get to the stars
Giant arms of longing, called on Venus, Mars,
Juno and Jove, Apollo, and his peers,
And heard, for answer, from the spheres,
"Thy gods are gone, the gods of old are dead.
It is by Christ thou shalt be comforted,
The pitying God who wipes away all tears."

WASHINGTON CHAT.
By THE SPECTATOR.
At the art convention last week every-
one noticed a dark, thin, wiry little man,
with yellow skin, dazzling white teeth,
slanting eyes, and an altogether Japa-
nese expression. He was always the cen-
ter of an admiring group, and those who
did not know him were asking, "Who is
the distinguished little Japanese?" Dis-
tinguished he is, but not a Japanese; for
that dark, wiry little man was Hans
Schuler, one of the most promising of
the younger American sculptors of the
day. Mr. Schuler, as his name indicates,
is of German origin, but he was born and
educated in America, and his art belongs
to that vigorous school that the peculiar
conditions in this country have given
rise to, a school of which Saint-Gaudens
was and Macmonnies and Paul Bartlett
are the most distinguished members. Mr.
Schuler, who studied in Paris, received
from the French Salon the greatest honor
ever bestowed upon a young foreigner,
his second medal, for his statue of Ari-
adne. Most exhibitors at the Salon are
forced to climb by slow steps up the ladder
of fame and are grateful for a mere
honorable mention after they have exhib-
ited for several years; then come the
lesser medals, and so on until they reach
the pinnacle of their ambition and are
honorably concurred.

Not so with Mr. Schuler, who won the
second medal with his first great work,
the statue of Ariadne. The jury saw it,
admired, and wondered. Perfect in mod-
eling, yet showing the most graceful sen-
sibility, it was almost speaking in its like-
ness to life.

"Who has done this marvelous work?"
they asked. And when they found it was
an unknown young American artist they
wondered the more, but they decided,
with the generosity and appreciation of
all French artists, that he must be suit-
ably rewarded for contributing to modern
art such a glorious piece of work.

"But," said the critics, "this statue
was not modeled. Its proportions are too
wonderful; its dimensions too correct. It
was cast."

So the painstaking jury sought out Mr.
Schuler's model and cast-examined her.
"You allowed Mr. Schuler to cast you
for this Ariadne, did you not?" she was
asked.

"Of course not," she replied. "Mr.
Schuler worked on that statue for over
a year, and I was his model. I saw him
do the work with my own eyes. Volli!"
There was nothing else to be said. The
critics were vanquished. Let Mr. Schuler
receive his medal. Since this first con-
quest his work has been of the highest
order, and there has never been any
more talk of his casting instead of model-
ing his statues.

The appointment of Capt. Bowyer to
succeed Capt. Badger as superintendent
of the Naval Academy is a popular one
in Annapolis, where the new superin-
tendent is well known and well liked.
Capt. Bowyer himself was graduated from
the Academy in the class of 1874, and
served on the staff there from 1879 to
1884, and has kept in touch with affairs
at the great naval school which is the
just pride of every officer in the service.

Moreover, Capt. Bowyer understands and
likes boys, or young men, rather, for a
midshipman insists upon being called a
man from the moment he puts on Uncle
Sam's uniform. Boys, the midshipmen
explain, are the servants that serve
them in the dining hall and do the heavy
work in their rooms; "but we are men,"
and Mr. Midshipman expands his chest
and looks every inch a man when he
makes this declaration.

Capt. Bowyer returned with the fleet
from the Philippines, and he was to be
met on arrival with the sad news of the
sudden death of his only son. He has one
other child, a daughter, Ruth, who was edu-
cated at Miss Marlin's school, by which she
was graduated in last year's class. Miss
Bowyer is a charming, graceful girl and
will, of course, be a belle at the Academy,
with nearly a thousand young of-
ficers to do her bidding. Indeed, there
are no young women at the Academy, and
have quite so good a time as the daugh-
ters of the officers stationed at Annapolis,
and as propriety is responsible for at
least 90 per cent of the marriages in
the world, it is small wonder that they
all marry naval officers.

The superintendent has the handsome
house in the grounds. A big, double
dwelling with a conservatory attached
which was only finished last year and is
of the design of Mr. Flagg when he
made the plans for the new building,
which has transformed the Academy
from a quaint colonial estate to a French
park adorned with renaissance palaces.
The effect is very beautiful, but the lovers
of American history and traditions miss
the old brick building that recalled the
glory of the early days of Annapolis,
when she was one of the most important
seaports and thriving towns in the coun-
try. The chapel, by the way, which has
been so much criticized because of its
poor acoustic qualities, which makes it
seem as though there were a dozen
"Holy Hays," instead of only one reading
the service, was built after one of the
best models for the boys and was de-
signed and built, one could imagine a
chapel better suited to the needs of the
Academy.

The superintendent and his wife natu-
rally play a conspicuous role socially,
both in the limited circle in the Academy
and Annapolis society. As soon as her
mourning is finished, Mrs. Bowyer will ob-
serve a weekly reception day, following
the long established custom, and every
now and then a reception is given by the
superintendent at which the midshipmen
are expected. On Saturdays and Sundays
he generally has guests at every meal,
and these days for the boys are freedom
and the officers are always generous in
entertaining them. Mrs. Bowyer's charm
as a hostess is often commented upon,
and she has the rare talent of getting the
best out of people; so social will do more
be the admiration of every lad in the
Academy before she has been there long.

One of the midshipmen at the Academy
was complaining to a classmate that he
had been ordered to get a smaller
cup for the summer cruise. "Why," he
said, "the blasted thing only stands a
few feet out of the water."

"So much the better for you," replied
his chum. "I wish I had drawn such a
prize. Don't you see that when you
'French out' and come back late, all you
get to do is to just climb right out of
the water and up her side. You've got
a cinch, all right."

Financial Notes.
Several trains on the Erie were omitted
yesterday, owing to its inability to ne-
gotiate the necessary loans.
The Union Pacific Railroad was sold
about four times on the stock exchange
to-day.

The Erie expects to pay a dividend one
of these days if it succeeds in floating a
loan.
The public was not in the market yester-
day. There is no reliable information as
to just where it was.

The Erie has a note due at the bank to-
morrow, and will probably be a little late
with some of its trains.
Watch this column for the weekly pub-
lication of the Erie's financial information
every day.

A great many more shares were sold to-
day than were bought.
What Bakers Need.
From the Springfield Union.
Great credit is due the press of the
country for refraining from saying that
the New York bakers struck for more pay
because they knead the dough.

DECADENT NATION NO LONGER.
Italy Again Rising Up and Taking a
Place in the World.
From the Florida Times-Union.
Two thousand years ago Latins were
masters of the world. Their success was
their undoing. In Italy they became ef-
feminized by luxury or by superstition
and oppression, and the nation deteriorated,
or were supposed to have deteriorated,
until the Latins, with the possible excep-
tion of the French, were considered phys-
ically inferior to the Northern races. All
this is now changed. In athletic sports
the French and Italians will average the
best. In tests of strength, agility, endur-
ance, and physical skill the French and
Italians are at the front. The revolution
over 100 years ago changed the types
of Frenchmen. Effeminacy gave place to
vigor. The French of the present cen-
tury are larger and stronger than their
ancestors. A change somewhat similar
in its results to the French revolution,
though without its attendant horrors, came
over Italy during the latter half of the
nineteenth century. The people were
freed from outside control, and from
internal despotism, and to a great ex-
tent the masses emerged from supersti-
tion. Italy became a strong, constitu-
tional government instead of a number
of petty states oppressed by degenerate
rulers. The change is showing in the
physical stamina of the race, and Italians
are now taking their places among the
most vigorous of the earth's population.

THE GREAT NATIONAL SPORT.
Baseball Holds Interest as No Other
Game Ever Did.
From the Columbia State.
The contests for the pennants, not
only in two major leagues, but in the
minor organizations, are now well under-
way. It is probable that from this time
on 100,000 persons will be gathered at
baseball parks throughout the country
every afternoon, and, when the sea-
son shall have ended, a count will prob-
ably show that the total attendance has
been in excess of 10,000,000 people. There
are perhaps 5,000 professional ball players;
they draw more than \$1,000,000 in wages,
which is hardly one-third of what we
shall pay for the excitement these diam-
ond contests give.

Verily, baseball is our national game,
compared with whose fortunes the green
sage flourished not at all. Pugilism
is decadent, horse racing is not as popu-
lar as of old; but baseball seems to have
a firmer hold than ever on public favor.
There are some to whom "rooting" is
not an edifying spectacle. Our sensibilities
are in no way affected by it. We could
were we so disposed, set up a the-
saurus that would inconceivably prove that
the excitement on bleachers and grand
stands is altogether salutary. Individually,
and socially, physically, morally, psy-
chologically, and pathologically, let us
root! It is the only known way to explode
without injury, and all of us need to let
off steam now and then. It is not dis-
tinguished, but it is healthful.

UP, DOWN, ACROSS.
Pros and Cons of an Important Pla-
centorial Question.
Do you fish upstream or down?
A writer in the New York Evening
Post reopens that perennial June con-
troversy, contriving, however, like Janus,
to face both ways, with the result that his
fisherman readers are quite confirmed in
their views.

For, on the one hand, thus: on the
other hand, so. If you fish "up," you ap-
proach from behind the trout, who is
facing upstream waiting for the current
to bring down his food. You fly, "skil-
fully cast," drops just in front of his
nose, the slithering curling up like a
strand of cobweb blown from an over-
hanging tree. Having neither seen you
nor heard you, Mr. Trout is deceived and
takes your fly.

But it is hard work. It means wading
against the current. It means constant
casting to keep the line out straight and
untangled. But, say it advocates, "it gets
results," and is "true sportsmanship,"
through and through.

In this exalted strain, they are an ir-
ritating test to the man who fishes down.
He prefers to season his sport with com-
fort and common sense. In going down-
stream the wading is easier, his line
keeps straight; long casts are encour-
aged; and as for "sportsmanship," it is,
he protests, the only true, blown-in-the-
bottle variety, since the possibility of
fishing upstream is the only approach
to a high degree of close quarters skill.
And so it goes. There is a third
school, however, which is rarely heard
from, those who are compelled to fish
across stream. These are the frequenters
of American history and traditions miss
the